More than to anſwere, that mine owne is mine,
But wilt thou ſee me parley with the Towne,
And heare them offer me allegance,
Fealtie and homage, as true liegemen ought.

K. Phil. Summon them, I will not beleeue it till I ſee it, and when I ſee it, Ile ſoone change it.

They ſummon the Towne, the Citizens appeare vpon the walls.

K. Ioh. You men of *Angiers*, and as I take it my loyall ſubiects, I haue ſummoned you to the walls: to diſpute on my right, were to thinke you doubtfull therein, which I am perſwaded you are not. In fewe words our brothers ſonne, backt with the King of *France*, haue beleagred your towne vpon a falſe pretended title to the ſame: in defence whereof I your liege Lord haue brought our power to fence you from the Vſurper, to free yout intended ſeruitude, and vtterly to ſupplant the foemen, to my right and your reſt. Say then, who keepe you the towne for?

Cuz. For our lawfull King.

Ioh. I was no leſſe perſwaded: then in Gods name open your gates and let me enter.

Cit And it pleaſe your Highneſſe we controll not your title, neither will we raſhly admit your entrance: if you be lawfull King, with all obedience we keepe it to your vſe, if not King, our raſhnes to be impeached for yeelding, without more conſiderate triall: wee anſwere not as men lawleſſe, but to the behoofe of him that prooues lawfull.

Ioh. I ſhall not come in then?

Cit. No my Lord, till we know more.

K. Phil. Then heare me ſpeake in the behalfe of *Arthur* ſon of *Ieffery*, elder brother to *Iohn*, his title manifeſt, without contradiction, to the crowne & kingdome of England, with Angiers, & diuers townes on this ſide the ſea: will you acknowledge him your Liege Lord, who ſpeaketh in my word, to entertain you with all fauors, as beſeemeth a King to his Subiects, or a friend to his welwillers: or ſtand to the peril of your cõtempt, whẽ his title is proued by the ſword.

Citizen

Cuz. We anſwere as before, till you haue pr
right, we acknowledge none right, he that tri
our Soueraigne, to him will we remaine firme ſu
for him, and in his right we hold our towne, as
know the truth, as loth to ſubſcribe before we kn
than this we cannot ſay, & more than this we da

K. Phil Then *Iohn* I defie thee, in the name a
of *Arthur Plantaginet*, thy King and Couſen, w
and patrimony thon detaineſt, as I doubt not, e
end, in a ſet battell make thee confeſſe; whereun
zeale to right, I challenge thee.

K. Iohn, I accept thy challenge, and turne th
to thy throat.

Excurſions. The Baſtard chaſeth Lymoges *the*
Duke, and maketh him leaue the Lyons ſki

Baſt. And art thou gone misfortune haunt th
And chill cold feare aſſaile thy times of reſt.
Morpheus leaue here thy ſilent Eban caue,
Beſiege his thoughts with diſmall fantaſies,
And ghaſtly obiects of pale threatning *Mors*.
Affright him euery minute with ſtearne lookes,
Let ſhadow temper terror in his thoughts,
And let the terror make the coward mad,
And in his madneſſe let him feare purſuit,
And ſo in frenſie let the peaſant die.
Here is the ranſome that allaies his rage,
The firſt freehold that *Richard* let his ſonne:
With which I ſhall ſurpriſe his liuing foes,
As *Hectors* ſtature did the fainting Greekes.

Enter the Kings Heraulds with Trumpets to th
of Angiers: *they ſummon the Towne.*

Eng. Her. Iohn by the grace of God King of
Lord of Ireland, Aniow, Toraine, *&c.* demande
gaine of you his ſubiects of Angiers, if you will q
render vp the towne into his hands?